

• THE *1076. C. 11*
NIGHTINGALE.
A
Choice COLLECTION
OF
NEW and POLITE
SONGS.



Printed and Sold in Bow-*church* Yard, London.



THE
NIGHTINGALE.



Hard-fated Phillis.

YE nymphs of the plain, who once saw me
so gay,
You ask why in sorrow I spend the whole day ;
'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray :
Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
The bloom which once grac'd, has deserted this
cheek ;
My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce
speak ;
My heart too so flutters I fear it will break :
Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
Ye lovers so true, that attend on my bier,
And think that my fortune has prov'd too se-
vere ;
Ah ! curb not the sigh, nor refuse the kind tear ;
Then strew all the place round with willow.
Erect me a tomb, and engrave on the side,
“ Here

" Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was
deny'd ;

" She strove to endure it, but could not, and
dy'd :

Then shade it with cypress and willow.

The Charms of Phillis.

WHAT beauties does my nymph dis-
close ?

Less fair the silver lilly blows ;
Such blushes glow not on the rose,

As on the cheeks of Phillis.

The other day, upon the green,
I saw a nymph of heav'nly mein ;

I ran to greet the Cyprian queen,

But found it was my Phillis.

By mossy grot with ivy bound,
Where fragrant woodbines curl around,

And daisies dapple o'er the ground,

I sit and murmur Phillis :

And when the lark with dewy wings,

To hail the morn exulting springs,

I rise, and tune the trembling strings,

To praise my dearest Phillis.

When first I saw the lovely maid,

I gaz'd, inraptur'd and dismay'd ;

My falt'ring tongue was quite afraid

To tell my pangs to Phillis.

Then Cupid aim'd his sharpest dart;
 At once I felt the pleasing smart,
 That very hour I lost my heart;
 And now it dwells with Phillis.

Pleasures in Succession.

Friendship and duty,
 love and beauty,
 Give us joy by turns!
 With this to-day our hearts we try,
 For that to-morrow wish and sigh!
 And new desire still burns.

Matrimony.

HOW giddy is youth, yet above all advice,
 You counsel, and counsel in vain;
 I've try'd what is wedlock, and like it so well,
 That I'll never be marry'd again.

The spouse that I pitch'd on was comely and
 young,
 And sweet as the flow'rs of the plain:
 She was wise, as they tell me; perhaps it might
 be,
 But I'll never be marry'd again.

I saw the poor creature laid deep in the grave;
 My tears they came pouring like rain:
 But as sun-shine, you know, will foul weather
 succeed,
 I quickly recover'd again.

Like the castles of fairies, it seems to the sight;
 And fancy indulges the rein;
 But, alas! when you try it, 'tis all a mere
 cheat,
 And the same dull tale over again.

Phillis's Complaint.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
 To cheer me your harmony bring;
 Unless, since my Shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing,
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try
 In vain to restore my past ease;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by
 Has now lost the power to please.

Ye seasons that brighten the grove
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and roves,
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles, like the summer can cheer,
 Ah! why then, like winter, unkind.

Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be
 To Celia and Cloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.

The Modest Swain.

WHEN I find my sweet Molly alone,
 O how my poor heart beats for joy!
 I trembling by her sit down,
 And thus the blest minutes employ.
 I gently touch her soft hand,
 And beg she'll permit me a kiss;
 Then let the dear Nymph understand,
 I long for the conjugal bliss.
 I breath kind expressions of love,
 And tenderly whisper my mind;
 But still unsuccessful I prove,
 Alas! I'm too modest I find.
 To the city or camp I'll repair,
 And learn to be bolder and gay;
 And then shall I court with an air,
 And soon carry Molly away.

A Hunting Song.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does
 adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn;
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the
 sound,
 Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground;

And thinks he has left us behind on the plain,
But still we pursue, and now come in view of
the glorious game:

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his speed;
But oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
cries,

For now his strength fails him he heavily flies,
And he pants till with well-scented honnds
surrounded dies.

The Dream.

COME gentle God of soft repose,
and lull my soul to rest;

In thy embraces, let me lose
the pangs that rack my breast:

Arise, ye dear deceits, arise,
and drest in *Damon's* form,

My long expecting wishing eyes,
with his resemblance charm.

Those melting sounds still let me hear,
which did his flame impart;

Which blest with love my list'ning ear,
and pierc'd my yielding heart.

Why rove my thoughts on pleasing cares,
which only dreams bestow;

For, oh! when e'er the morn appears,
I wake to endless woe.

The envious light, from my sad eyes,
drives ev'ry joy away :

With night the lovely phantom flies,
and leaves me lost in day.

Since waking thus I am distress'd,
and pleasure's fled with him ;

If sleeping I can still be blest,
let life be all a dream.

Jonny's Opportunity.

IN May, when Flow'rs delightful spring,
And Hawthorn Trees begin to blow,

And pretty Birds do chirp and sing,

And Girls to gather Cowslips go ;

Let the Lover then address,

And he's sure to have Success.

When Fifteen Years the Nymph has seen,

And pleasing Thoughts her Bosom warm,

When gaily drest, in white or green,

She strives some sprightly Swain to charm ;

Let the Lover then address,

And he's sure to have Success.

When all alone Clarissa's found,

A reading some Romance or Play,

Or walks the Meads, or Gardens round,

To pass a leisure Hour away ;

Let the Lover then address,

And he's sure to have Success.

When to some pleasant Summer Fair,
 To buy or Knots, or Gloves, or Lace,
 The blooming Virgins all repair,
 And Joy appears in ev'ry Face;
Let the Lover then address,
And he's sure to have Success.

When Music's soft persuasive Strains,
 The melting Maiden's Ear delight,
 When warming Draughts have fill'd her
 Veins,
 And Mirth and Dancing crown the
 Night;
Let the Lover then address,
And he's sure to have Success.

The Triumphs of the Sexes.

AS soon hope for Peace 'twixt the Hawk
 and the Dove,
 As to find it with Woman and Man;
 Or prompted by Hate, or incited by Love,
 They both will deceive when they can.
 The Shepherd, forgetful of Oaths and of
 Vows,
 Will run to a Face that's more new;
 And often the Women, or Maiden or
 Spouse,
 The very same Method pursue.

The Youth to obtain the dear Nymph he
admires,

By Falshood expresses his Flame :
To gain the lov'd Boy who her Bosom
inspires,

Does nor *Cloe* exactly the same ?
How just's the Division ? Man's born to
persuade ;

We list'n, and think him sincere :
But then, has not Nature been kind to
the Maid ?

She gave her the Smile and the Tear.
Intrepid as Heroes, Men snatch at their
Joy,

And force us by Storm to comply ;
We, helpless poor Creatures, by Fashion
made coy,

Consent when we feebly deny.
Like Armies drawn out into Martial Ar-
ray,

The Sexes call forth all their Pow'rs ;
And if for the Men goes the Battle To-
day,

To-morrow the Triumph is ours.

The Faithful Shepherdes.

OH, let me unreserv'd, declare
 The dictates of my breast;
 My Thyrsis reigns unrival'd there,
 An ever welcome guest.

No more our spritely nymphs I meet,
 But seek the lonely grove;
 There, sighing to myself, repeat
 Some tender tale of love.

When absent from my longing sight,
 He is my constant theme;
 His shadowy form appears by night,
 And shapes the morning dream.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain,
 Deem not my words too free;
 For e're my passion you arraign,
 You must have lov'd like me.

The Triumphant Fair.

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my
 chain;

The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain:

I'll tease them and vex them

I'll plague and perplex them:

Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,

I'll show them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the
 vain,

By turns I encourag'd each amorous swain;

They knelt and they trembled,
I smil'd and dissimbled.

Since men try, &c.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel
believe,

Their canting and whining,

Their sighing and pining,

Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray ;

Then prove there are women as cunning as
they.

The Blessings of Peace.

THE drum is unbrac'd, and the trumpet
no more

Shall rouse the fierce soldier to fight ;

Our meads shall no longer be floated with gore,

Nor terror disturb the calm night.

Once more o'er the fields golden harvests shall
shine,

The olive her flowrets increase ;

Again purple clusters shall blush on the vine ;

These, these are the blessing of peace.

The shepherd securely now roams thro' the
glade,

Or merrily pipes on the vale :

The youth in soft numbers attempts the coy
maid :

The virgins dance blithe in the dale.

The

The flow'rs, with colours, embroider the
ground,

Unpress'd by an enemy's feet;

The bleating of sheep from the hillocks resound,
And the birds their trim sonnets repeat.

The Fashionable Lover.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had
long

Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song;
He went one may-morning to meet in the
grove,

By her own dear appointment this goddess of
love;

Mean while in his mind all her charms he ran
o'er,

And doated on each; *can a lover do more?*

He waited, and waited, then changing his
strain,

'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and dis-
dain:

The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
And the whole course of nature was alter'd
downright.

'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
But never to change; *can a lover do more?*

Cleora, it hap'd, was by accident there;
No rose-bud so tempting, no lilly so fair;
He press'd her white hand, next her lips
essay'd,

Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid!

Her kindly compliance his peace did restore ;
 And dear *Amaryllis* was thought of no more.

The happy Lover.

HOW happy's the lover whose cares are no more ;

Who bids an adieu to all sorrow ;
 My griefs are all hush'd, and my torments are
 o'er

For I shall be happy to-morrow.

Each flow'ret of spring that enamels the ground,
 From you ev'ry charm seems to borrow ;
 Then who will so blest or so happy be found,
 As I with my *Daphne* to-morrow.

I never am happy but when in your sight,
 Your smiles are the cure of all sorrow ;
 Remember, dear *Daphne*, your promise to-
 night ;

And I shall be happy to-morrow.

The Pleasures of Morning.

WOULD you taste the morning air,
 To yon verdant fields repair,
 Where cowslips sweet, and violets blue,
 With grateful scents shall welcome you.
 Hear, hear the soft and cooling breeze,
 Fanning, thrilling thro' the trees,
 Whilst the dew besprinkling round,
 Cools the thirsty parching ground.

Hear the lark now soaring high,
 With her eccho fills the sky ;
 The charming nightingale, and thrush,
 Are warbling notes on ev'ry bush.
 Haste fair nymph, then haste away.
 Taste these joys without delay.
 Prove, and proving you will tell.
 The morning joys do all excel.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

TO make the man kind and keep true to
 the bed,
 Whom your choice or your destiny brings
 you to wed,
 Take a hint from a friend, whom experience has
 taught,
 And experience you know never fails when 'tis
 bought.
 And experience, &c.
 The arts which you practis'd at first to ensnare,
 (For in love, little arts, as in battle, are fair ;)
 Whether neatness or prudence, or wit were the
 bait,
 Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the
 cheat.
 Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his flame,
 To reproach him is never the way to reclaim ;
 'Tis more to recover, than conquer an heart,
 For this is a'll nature, but that is 'all art.
 Good sense is to them, what a face is to you.

Flatter that, and like us, they but think it their
due;

Doubt the strength of your judgment, compared with his own,

And he'll give you perfections, at present unknown.

Tho' you learn that your rival, his bounty partakes,

And your merited favour, ungrateful forsakes;
Still, still debonair, kind, engaging and free,
Be deaf, tho' you hear, and be blind while you see.

Sung by Miss Falkner.

WOULD'ST thou all the joys receive,
That enraptur'd lovers give

Take a heart from falsehood free,

Take a heart that doats on thee,

Nice suspicions, jealous train,

Still creates the virgin's pain.

Then each timid care remove,

You can smile and I can love.

Blest with thee, profusely gay,

Time shall wing his smiling way,

Ever blooming joys encreate,

Tranquil liberty and peace.

Oh! let kindness rule thy breast,

Smile my panting heart to rest,

Sweetly smile and thou shalt know,

We can make an heav'n below.

On a Lady's Lark.

SEE how thy captive lark,
 While clouds obscure the sky,
 Sits pensive in a cage,
 And pines for liberty.

But if the sun breaks forth,
 He strait renews his note,
 Forgets he e'er was free,
 And swells his warbling throat,

So when thy awful brow,
 Frowns with disdain or hate ;
 I groan beneath thy yoke,
 And curse my ill-starr'd fate.

But when thy heav'nly face
 With pleasing smiles looks gay,
 I bless my conqueror,
 And glory to obey.

Then since I'm doom'd thy slave,
 Compassionate my pains ;
 I beg not to be free,
 But give me easy chains,
 Then since I'm doom'd, &c.

The One Thing needful.

SICK of the town at once I flew,
 To contemplation's rural seat ;
 Adieu, says I, vain World adieu,
 Fools only study to be great,
 Fools only study, &c.

The Book, the lamp, the hermit cell,
 The russet gown and mossy floor;
 All these I had, 'twas mighty well,
 But yet I wanted something more.
 But yet I wanted, &c.

Back to the busy world again,
 I hurry'd soon in hopes to find;
 Eas'd from imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart and peace of mind.
 Quiet of heart, &c.

Gay Scenes and grandeur ev'ry hour
 My eyes with admiration fill;
 The world seem'd all within my pow'r,
 And yet I wanted something still.
 And yet I wanted, &c.

Cities and groves at once were try'd,
 'Twas all ye fair an idle tale;
 Cælia at length became a bride
 A bride to Damon of the vale.
 A bride to, &c.

Earth smil'd at once, the gloom was shear'd,
 Damon was kind, I can't tell how:
 In ev'ry place new joy appear'd,
 And Cælia wanted nothing now.
 And Cælia wanted, &c.

Against

Against Jealousy.

GOOD Damon if you will you may,
 G Set spies and guards to watch my way,
 Or mark my looks with jealous eye,
 When any well dress'd swain is nigh,
 Yet woman's wit a way will find,
 In spite of caution to be kind.

For if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching you may sleep.

'Tis said of old by authors sage,
 Restraint does more the will enrage.
 The flame confin'd still fiercer burns
 And passion check'd to madness turns.
 'Tis better then to set me free
 Than shut me under lock and key.

For if myself, &c.

When love does once the breast inspire,
 Like moht that play about the fire,
 Through careful guards, and watchful spies,
 It rushes fearless to the prize:
 Unless the will itself restrain
 Your bars, and walls, and steel are vain.

For if myself, &c.

Would you secure the fair at home
 Go bid her wander, bid her roam,
 'Tis out with fops and fools all day
 No more she'll ask abroad to stray:
 'Tis freedom's self must make her true,
 And fix her choice on none but you.

For if ourselves, &c.

A Dawn of Hope.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair.

If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him ye Gods your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,

My tender grief remove ;

O send some chearing ray of light,

And guide me to my love.

Thus in a secret friendly shade

The pensive Cælia mourn'd

While courteous echo lent her aid,

And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well known face,

each rising fear disarm'd :

He eager springs to her embrace,

She sinks into his arms.

The Confession.

O Lovely Cælia heav'nly maid,

Kind, gentle, fair and free,

In all thy sex's charms array'd,

How few are form'd like thee.

Thy image always fills my mind

The theme of ev'ry song

I'm fix'd to thee alone I find,

But ask not for how long.

The fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,

Have long been false and true,

And when the last my fancy tir'd,

It wander'd round to you.

Then while I can i'll be sincere,
 As turtles to their mates
 This moment's yours and mine my dear,
 The next you know is fates.

Cloe's Choice.

THE beau with his delicate womanish face,
 Whose merit all lays in a feather and lace;
 The proud, the immoral, the coward, the vain,
 May sue for my love, but will meet my disdain.
 The dunce I detest, and whose wit is severe,
 I sicken whenever a sycophant's near.
 The brute that's ill manner'd disorders one
 much,
 And I'd die an old maid e'er I'd couple with
 such.
 But he in whom sense and politeness are enjoin'd,
 Whose study has been to embellish his mind;
 Whose pleasures ne'er injure his health nor his
 purse,
 Is fit to be taken for better for worse.
 Whose wit has no gall, and whose tongue no
 deceit,
 Whose nature is noble, his conduct discreet;
 Ne'er knew any fear but to hurt or offend:
 If he questions my heart, he will find it his
 friend.

The

The Lover's Complaint.

WHILE pensive on the lonely plain,
 Far from the sight of her I love,
 To the clear stream I tell my pain,
 And sigh my passion to the grove.

Eccho, sweet goddess of the wood,
 from all thy cells resound my care;
 And Thomas along thy silver flood,
 convey my murmurs to the fair.

Tell her, ah! tell the charming maid,
 In vain the feather'd warblers sing;
 In vain the trees extend their shade,
 Or blooming Flora paints the spring.

While absent from her dear charms,
 Not all these beauties can invite;
 But did she bless her Damon's arms,
 ev'n barren deserts wou'd delight.

The Tell-Tale, or the worst Way to win her.

AS Jenny of Jockey was tuning her lay,
 Young Donald came by, and unto her
 did say,

Come, come, my dear girl, to the woods lets
 away,

And a winning young lad is your Jockey.

I saw him, quoth Donald, prostrate at her feet,
 And many kind words he to her did repeat;

She,

She, list'ning, admired the voice which so sweet
Oft reminded, how shady and safe the retreat.

And a winning young lad, &c.

Then round her slim waist he like ivy did
twine,

And vows did repeat, hands in wedlock to
join ;

She believed all he said, and to love did incline ;
But I scarce could contain, as believing her
mine.

And a winning young lad, &c.

Says Jenny to Donald, how this could you see,
And not like a lover your Coloe set free ?

It had nobler been in you, 'than coming to me ;
But of Jockey, I fancy, afraid you must be.

For a valiant young lad is my Jockey.

Cease, cease, my dear Jenny, thus me to up-
braid,

I ne'er of your Jockey, I vow, was afraid,
Nor ever had reason ; so all that I've said,
Was art for to gain you, my dear pretty maid.

From the arms of your so happy Jockey.

Away then, false Donald, the damsel replied,
Your arts are too mean e'er to make me your
bride ;

If in love you'd succeed by the truth fast abide,
And Jockey and me you may take for your
guide,

For a constant young lad is my Jockey.

*The Swain in Raptures, or no Musick like
Love.*

WHILST in the bow'r, with beauty
blest,

The lov'd Amyntor lies;
While sinking on Zelinda's breast,
He fondly kiss'd her eyes.

A wakeful nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song,
And warbled thro' the glade.

Melodious songstress, cry'd the swain,
To shades less happy go;
Or if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear thy tuneful woe.

Whilde in Zelinda's arms I lie,
To song I am not free;
On her soft bosom while I sigh,
I discord find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect joys;
Then cease thy fond intrusion;
Be silent; musick now is noise,
Variety, confusion.

10 JUL 52

F I N I S.